

## NOTES OF TRAVEL.

Written for the National Intelligencer by a Citizen of Washington.

I have been looking over the notes of my wanderings, and find that they are in a sad state of confusion. Only think of it! I wanted to take myself up again at the Dead Sea, and found myself at the top of the Corcovado, in South America. You cannot imagine any thing more vexatious. Covering, as these notes do, a distance of a hundred thousand miles, or more than three times round the world, the task of reducing them to order is perfectly hopeless. I give it up, and send you a bundle of loose papers at random. Don't be at all surprised if you should find me to-day rambling about in Brazil, Peru, or California, and to-morrow smoking chibouks among the Turks.

Yours, J. R. B.

## A WALK UP THE CORCOVADO.

A few days after our arrival in Rio, I walked out, in company with my friend Wing, to see the villas in the neighborhood. At that time I had no knowledge of the city, or the extent of ground which it covered. The only plan we could adopt, without a guide, was to select a large street, apparently more frequented than the rest, and keep straight on as far as it would lead us. I think we must have walked some two miles before we began to perceive any prospect of gaining the country. The houses all along were much of the same character, being about two stories high, whitewashed in front, and ornamented in a rude manner over the doors and cornices, with projecting roofs, and windows with green cross-worked lattices. Some of them had shops in the front part, called *vendas*, (or places of sale.) At almost every window were seated families of Brazilian women, looking at the by-passers. This custom of sitting at the windows is the first thing that attracts the attention of the stranger. Men, women, and children seem to do nothing else. Whether any thing is to be seen or not, makes no difference; they sit, from morning till night, and probably a great part of the night. On reaching the terminus of the street, we caught a glimpse of the green hills a short distance off, adorned with gardens, cottages, and flowering shrubs in full bloom. Just as our hopes were about to be realized dark clouds suddenly gathered overhead, and the rain began to fall in torrents. A large building, with a covered archway leading into a court-yard, stood near by, and into the shelter thus afforded we rushed for protection against the storm. The rain kept us here for nearly an hour, when we again set out. It continued to shower lightly at intervals till we reached another *venda*, where we found a very tempting display of fried fish and other eatables spread outside the door on a counter. An old negro stood over a charcoal furnace frying the fish in a sort of grease-pan, as dirty-looking as himself, and nearly as black. It had an odor so savory, however, as to counteract all prejudices against the manner of cooking and the diabolical aspect of the old negro. We threw down a few dummos, (four-cent pieces), and made signs to the old man that we wanted fish. He gathered up about a dozen of the largest, dripping with grease, and handed them to us, which we devoured with amazing relish; and certainly I never tasted any thing better in my life. A bottle of fine English ale and a few small loaves of bread completed our repast. By this time it had ceased raining, and the sun shone out bright and warm. Beguiled by the beauty of the scenery, we wandered on for several miles, till we came to a turn in the road that opened to us a most charming interior view of the Corcovado and the neighboring mountains. The roads were very muddy, but we continued on, quite enchanted, so green and luxuriant was the whole aspect of the country. The valleys were covered with long rank grass, groups of shrubs, and flowers of brilliant hues in full bloom. Streams, swollen with the recent showers, swept down from the mountains and formed thousands of little lakes in the meadow lands; sometimes breaking over the green banks, and mingling with long drooping grass so as to blend the land and water together in gentle and gradual tints. At a villa on the road-side we saw a number of women washing clothes in one of these miniature lakes. Their bronze-like limbs and gay-colored robes, with the reflection of the hills in the water, had a very striking effect. The villa belonged to a wealthy Brazilian merchant, who lived in sumptuous style. His grounds covered several hundred acres, and were laid out with great taste by an English landscape gardener. Rural effect was admirably preserved, while the more costly Brazilian character of decoration predominated. Temples, commanding the finest views of mountain and valley, were pitched upon each prominence, partially hidden in the richest tropical foliage; and moss-covered ruins of old chapels and monasteries mouldered among the craggy rocks on the hill-sides. On an eminence, covered with green sward, as soft and smooth as a carpet of velvet, stood the mansion, a splendid building, decorated in the most imposing style of Brazilian architecture. The roof was of ornamental red tile, with cornices of blue and white, projecting about three feet. An elevated cupola in the middle, with a railing of bronze around the top, formed a sort of observatory. The front of the house was white, with colored blinds, and rich ornamental work over the tops of the windows. The sides and gable-ends were painted in vertical stripes of blue, white, and red, giving a very novel appearance. The interior of the house was the gayest style of the ornaments given to all the Brazilian villas a flashy and unsubstantial appearance, scarcely in accordance with Anglo-Saxon notions of taste. A want of truthful simplicity is the chief characteristic both in design and decoration. Such buildings convey the idea of a love of show, and a preference for flashy external effect, to the detriment of true substantial beauty. I never could look at a Brazilian villa without thinking of a painted toy. One thing, however, must be said in their favor. They harmonize well with the brilliant character of the scenery. Perhaps a more chaste style would have a sombre and incongruous effect. It is among groves of orange, palm, and coco-nut trees, and flowers that bloom only in our northern hot-houses, that one naturally looks for a gaudy style of architecture.

The misty peak of the Corcovado seemed so near that we could not resist the temptation to make the ascent, although we had lost so much time in our rambles. A short distance from the villa we came to the *venda* of one Senor Joaquin, where we went in to get some refreshments. Here we had a striking exhibition of the independence of the Brazilian shopkeepers. Two or three negro slaves were waiting at the counter to purchase some trifles, and although Wing and myself, being in a hurry, pulled out our purses and made a grand display of gold, we could not get Senor Joaquin or his salesman to attend to us until he had served each one of the negroes. I had frequent opportunities of witnessing this peculiarity afterwards. A Brazilian makes but little distinction between customers. Rich and poor, black and white, are all the same to him. If you exhibit any impatience, he coolly says, "Paciencia, senhor;" and if you don't like that, he tells you to go to some other shop.

As we ascended the mountain, each step brought us into new and varied scenes. From an eminence about three miles up the valley was most enchanting. Villas, scattered over its green undulating surface, glittered in the sunbeams like spangled toy-work; veyous and alone bloomed around us; ranges of coco-nut trees stood on the verges of the hills, presenting a clear outline against the sky; the sides of the mountains were covered with blue and yellow shrubs of exquisite fragrance; dim blue outlines of peaks rose one above the other till hidden in the clouds that hovered around them; and the horizon seemed lost in a hazy circle of bays, islands, promontories, and mountain peaks. The whole country had the appearance of a gorgeous picture, with sufficient distinctness in the foreground to give it the semblance of reality, and a delicate and gradual softening into realms of fancy, as the objects faded in the distance.

We continued our walk around the sides of a mountain till we reached the aqueduct, which ascends from the city by another route. Following this, we at length reached the head of the conduit. Here we found several negroes engaged on the public works, the master of whom gave us

to understand, by signs and gestures, together with a few Portuguese words, that we could not reach the summit of the Corcovado by dark. This was a sad disappointment. We had walked about ten miles, and the entire distance to the peak of Corcovado from the city is only eight. Senor José (our new acquaintance) gave us directions to go to the city by a new route. As a matter of course, we misunderstood him and lost our way. To add to our embarrassment, we could not well turn back without running the risk of being obliged to spend the night in the mountains, which was not a cheering prospect among a people whose language we did not understand, and who were themselves apprehensive of the banditti and who were the mountain rocesses. Nothing remained for us but to strike out directly for the foot of the mountain. The descent was precipitous and dangerous. In some places we had to jump and slide down, and occasionally, when we came to a very steep place, to scramble over the rocks by holding on to the roots and shrubs. It was almost a miracle that we were not dashed to pieces in the tremendous precipices below.

The paths by which we made our perilous descent seemed to have been worn in the rocks by goats or mountain sheep, for we could not conceive how human beings could make a practice of descending in that way. The further down we scrambled the less prospect there appeared to be of ever coming to the bottom. I began to think of Milton's "deeper deep which in the deepest deep still threatened to devour." Tangled shrubs, with hard thorny brambles, tore our clothes, and rocky dykes yawned before us at every dozen steps. At last, breathless with exertion, and reeking with perspiration, we came to a halt, and looked around us. Surely, thought I, we must be near the foot of the mountain now. But, on peeping through a mass of overhanging trees, I saw a sweeping valley dotted with villas still hundreds of feet below. This cheering sight inspired us with fresh vigor. We bounded merrily down the pathway, tearing our way through bush and brake, and in about half an hour struck into a larger path marked by human foot-prints. A well-defined road crossed the path which we were pursuing, branching off in another direction. There was a gateway across it near the point where they intersected, which induced us to believe that it was a private avenue leading into some romantic villa. Though aware of the frigid coldness of the Brazilians to strangers, we had such a repugnance to spending the night in these wild ravines that we finally decided upon taking the road. It led us by a gradual and easy descent into the head of a populous valley, called the *Val de Lorangeas*, or the "Valle of Oranges," a perfect miniature paradise. On emerging from the bushes and woods, the whole panorama of villas, reaching clear down to the city of San Sebastian, lay before us like a dream of beauty realized. Fountains sparkled in the rays of the setting sun; flowers bloomed on every side; grassy slopes swept down from the cliffs; on every habitable eminence was a picturesque villa, surrounded by dense green shrubbery, white walls, immense gateways, pedestals, and statuary. A rippling stream wound through these *slides*, irrigating each, and furnishing an inexhaustible supply of pure water for the fountains. At intervals where it crossed the road were white stone bridges, ornamented with statuary and carved piers, and overhung by large Bahia trees. As we entered the village at the head of L'Orangeas, we heard the hum of voices and the tinkle of guitars. Women sat at the windows gossiping with their lovers, and children played under the shade of the trees. Slaves passed from the fountains, bearing on their heads earthen pitchers filled with water. We stopped at a *Venda*, where we procured some refreshments, and learned that an omnibus would leave for the city at six o'clock, but, as the distance was only four miles, we preferred walking. The farther we proceeded the more enchanting seemed the surrounding country. Of all the delightful places of resort near Rio, I think this Vale of Oranges the most retired and romantic. It is here that the merchant, after the toils of the day, finds a quiet retreat at his secluded villa. English taste is evident at every point, for I do not think the Brazilians have much innate love of the beautiful in nature. They are lavish of their money, however, either from pride or a superabundance of wealth, and spend immense sums in the adornment of their country-seats. Every American visitor to Rio has seen or heard of Mr. Maxwell's villa, and knows the sumptuous style in which he lives. I noticed many new villas in the progress of erection; for, although the city itself indicates a gradual decay, the spirit of improvement prevails in the environs. We passed some very neat chapels on our way down to the city, and occasionally a cross reared on some consecrated spot, showing the devotion of the inhabitants to the established religion of the country.

With all this beauty of scenery and brilliancy of architectural display, I could not avoid contrasting the solid comforts of home with what I see here. The Brazilians are destitute of those social habits that give such a charm to our homes. Reserved and haughty, even in their intercourse among each other, they have no firesides to draw them together; no refined intellectual enjoyments to expand their minds and warm their hearts. The perpetual restraint of pride reigns among all the better classes. And what of their gorgeous villas and Oriental scenery, their tropical fruits and brilliant flowers? They have no Indian summer, no Christmas feasts, no spring, no perceptible change of incident or of scene. Monotony and indolence go together. Rio is a perpetual wilderness of verdure. Never did our leafless woods and snow-covered plains seem so dead to me as they did in the midst of this luxuriant valley. I thought, too, of our delightful May festivals, when the genial breath of Spring comes stealing upon us; when the violet and the primrose and the early woodbine send their perfume on the breeze to charm us from our winter haunts. I thought of our healthy blooming summers, and noble forest trees, not stunted or gnarled by scorching suns; of the glories of our autumns, when, after a natural life, the "sere and yellow leaf" of our forests reminds us that all things must perish. I thought of the mellow tints of our hills and valleys in the fall of the year, when we need the bracing air of approaching winter to renew our energies as we again enter into the struggle of life. But, above all, I felt the absence of that flow of soul which soothes our cares and endears to us all that is pure and beautiful. Social intercourse is not a mere luxury. Time and travel have made it to me a necessity. It is the connecting link that binds the wanderer to the home of his heart; that enables him to hold converse with those he loves, when mountains, seas, and deserts lie between. The very thought of the domestic fire-side soothes him in his trouble, cheers him in his solitude, bids him hope in his hour of despondency, arouses his better feelings when the hardships of the world check his fountain of sympathy; it reminds him that "to err is human, to forgive divine." A familiar, kindly tone, pleasant smile, how vividly they bring up the past, with all its pleasures, its loves, hopes, and joys! Here, amid these beauties of the external world, the soul, the essence of life, is wanting. Nature itself sleeps in the eternal sepulchre of green. The birds croak hoarsely in the trees. A lethargy hangs over the land, depressing even amid the excess of tropical luxury. It is as if the Creator had carved out the scene to enchant mankind with its beauties, but left it without the vital spark that man might learn how vain is external beauty.

Musing thus, we wandered on towards the city, and late in the afternoon reached a public thoroughfare leading into the Campo de Legião. We stopped at a barber's shop on the way to refresh ourselves with a wash, for we felt tired, having walked nearly twenty miles under a burning sun. Here we enjoyed the luxury of bathing our hands and faces in cologne water, a custom prevalent among the Brazilians. Late in the evening the omnibus came along, and we rode to the L'Orangeas Palace.

That night, overcome by the excessive heat, together with the quantity of water that I drank on the mountains, I was attacked by something like cholera. I was greatly prostrated the next day from the want of rest and the pain I suffered during the night. But to be sick in a foreign place was not exactly the thing to suit me. I roused myself up, therefore, although I had not slept a wink, and after a light breakfast set out on another excursion as lively as ever, though so weak that I had to stop about every fifteen minutes. My first visit was to the Museum. I there saw much to interest me in the way of South American curiosities. There were some very curious antique paintings, repre-

sented scenes in the early history of Brazil; bunnies, and full-length bodies embalmed, among the collection; also, a very fine display of birds and insects, though not so rich as I expected to find in a South American museum. The head of a mammoth animal, found in the mountains, was one of the principal objects of curiosity from its gigantic size.

I also saw the paintings in the gallery of fine arts, an institution recently established by Don Pedro the 1. Some of the paintings were very good, but there were none of a high order as works of art. A likeness of the Emperor on horseback was rather striking. The statuary was only tolerable. In fact, there is nothing of this kind in Rio that can bear comparison with any of the European galleries of art.

Determined to make the ascent of the Corcovado on the following day, we returned to the hotel and retired for the night. The mosquitoes at the Hotel Ravot and Monsieur le Maître, are the greatest bloodsuckers in Rio. What time I had of it last night! A five minutes' dose, and then, whiz! bang! a wretch, an impatient exclamation, and for a whole night, a sultry, oppressive night, is calculated to impair one's energy. No wonder the Brazilians are such a languid race. They lose all their blood in midnight conflicts with insidious foes. But the snuggles in through the curtains! We must be off for Corcovado! towering, cloud-capped, grisly-headed Corcovado, the achme of our wildest dreams of ambition. He who has stood upon thy weather-worn pate, old Corcovado, has accomplished something; his life has not been spent in total ignorance of the beauties of God's creation.

On looking out over the tops of the houses we were rejoiced to perceive that there was every sign of a pleasant day. The smoke curled up lazily from the red tile roofs, and floated off in wavy wreaths through the clear blue sky. Strange sounds, and voices speaking an unfamiliar tongue, broke upon the ear. Every thing was characteristic of a foreign place. The chants of the coffee-carriers, the tum-tum-tum of the old women going to market, the tinkling of violas, the lusty yells of the fishermen, and the wild cries of the muleteers returning from the fountains with their burdens of water, rose clearly and merrily from the busy streets below. Novel and peculiar odors filled the atmosphere. I was now quite convinced that I was in a strange city. It was a genial morning, giving promise of a warm tropical day. An early start was very desirable; so, having directed our worthy host, the Frenchman, to provide us with a breakfast suitable for our expedition, consisting of *coquette de mouton*, *camaroni omelet*, coffee, bread, and fruit, we dressed, prepared our sketch-books, and otherwise put ourselves in proper trim for our ramble. Warned by experience, we dispersed with all unnecessary clothing. Our coats we bundled up in our handkerchiefs to provide against rain and the cool mountain air. By the time we were fully accoutred, the waiter informed us that breakfast was ready. I leave you to picture to yourself the amazing relish with which two hungry Englishmen, just from a long sea-voyage, devour a delicious breakfast, prepared by the skilful hands of a French cook.

The aqueduct is about half a mile from the public plaza at the head of the Rue d'Ovidor. Here commences a beautiful ascent, which continues for eight miles. At first it is very steep, but, on gaining the elevation near the convent of San Teresa, the remainder of the promenade is easy and gradual. A stone conduit, about seven feet high, winds around the sides of the mountains the entire distance up to the commencement of the peak of Corcovado. On each side of this conduit is a smooth walk, delightfully shaded with umbrageous trees, scarcely penetrated by the mid-day sun, and winding through glades of perfumed shrubbery and grottoes formed by overhanging crags. As we proceeded still upward, new and varied scenes of surpassing loveliness opened upon us. Sometimes we stopped to look down into the beautiful green valleys that swept up towards us, between the gorges of the mountains and the gentle slopes dotted with gardens and villas, and irrigated by springs and rivulets. Quiet little bays, with numerous green islands scattered over their surface, stretched in along the bases of the mountains, washing the shores of these pastoral valleys with a refreshing white spray that glistened in the sunbeams like fringes of silver. Groups of children, playing among the flowers, sent up joyous peals of laughter on the breeze; and the chants of the coolies laden with a wild charm in their softened echoes. Passing on still higher we came to steep precipices of craggy rocks, half hidden among gnarled trees, and resounding with the fall of springs that burst from their crevices; while deep in the ravines, perched on ledges apparently inaccessible to the foot of man, were gay white cottages, with ornamental tile roofs and painted porches, peeping from pyramids of luxuriant flowers, and surrounded by parterres and steps, arches and piers, and winding walks, hewn in the solid rocks. There was an air of repose and seclusion about these romantic sites that quite charmed me. The negro chants, the merry voices of children, and the hum of violas swept up on the breeze with a delicious effect, humanizing the scene, and according well with our thoughts of home. Sometimes we entered shady recesses formed by clusters of trees and overhanging cliffs, and bathed in streams that gushed from the rocks.

Here we rested after our efforts, stretching ourselves lazily on the green banks, and fanned by the waving leaves. It was then that I most ardently wished to have near me a few chosen friends. Every beautiful spot, every group of cottages, every vista of mountain, woodland, and valley, every sleeping bay dotted with fairy isles, seemed to want the crowning charm of companionship. I fancied how I would lift up the little ones in my arms, and point out to them the immense butterflies flitting about among the trees, and the mountain-sides covered with flowery shrubs, the gray jagged rocks, the processions of mules, laden with panniers of coffee, and driven by swarthy Portuguese with broad-brimmed hats, winding strange halcyon dogs that barked in the sunshine; the white sails on the bay, and the far-off ships, with their forests of masts, at anchor in the harbor.

Thus we wandered on through this fairy land, feasting upon the beauties that surrounded us, and scarcely conscious that all we beheld was real. After a pleasant walk of two hours we reached the end of the conduit. Here commenced the steepest part of the ascent to the peak. The woods became dense, and the path craggy and difficult. For a mile or more we had hard scrambling to make any headway, the rocks being very slippery from sudden floods of rain. Old trunks of trees, cast down by sudden gusts of wind, lay across the pathway. The heat of the sun, in some of the defiles which were excluded from the breeze, was intense. Half an hour's climbing from the head of the water-works brought us to a large opening on a piece of table land, where we found a mountain cottage and facade, very prettily situated. The view was fine, commanding the eye-range to the bay of Rio with a long stretch of beach, the white sand contrasting pleasantly with the deep green of the mountains; numerous green islands, with woody valleys and rocky peaks, their shores washed by the ocean surf, and ships spreading their wings to the breeze and dotting the sea to the distant horizon. It was Sunday—a day of festivity, frolicking, praying, and penance among the Brazilians. The people of the facade, as it happened, were enjoying the liveliest of these recreations in the shape of a fandango. Some distance before we reached the house we heard the music and the clatter of feet. Thinking they might be stylish sort of people, we put on our coats, fixed our cravats, smoothed our hair, and walked on towards the facade. In front of the house stood a large circular building on wooden pillars, with open sides, and benches reaching all around. There was assembled here a numerous party of country people with their seronitas, dancing the fandango to the enlivening strains of some eight or ten musical instruments. We went up and made our best bow, with the usual, "Comestha, Senores." They looked coldly at us, muttered something about "*Cal-fornia*," and went on dancing. After enjoying for some time the novelty of the entertainment, which was very much like a zoological exhibition, we bade the party "*adieu*," and continued our journey. Now came the tug of war. It was neck and nought the rest of the way. Loose rocks, piles of decayed roots, trunks of gnarled trees lay before us at almost every step. We now expe-

rienced a very sudden change in the temperature, which became quite cool, and even chilling. Gradually we left the large forest trees below, and entered a more stunted growth. Damp chilling blasts of wind from the sea, moaned through the waving branches, and every turn of the path brought us to a region still more barren and rocky.

"There it is!" shouted Wing, in a perfect ecstasy. "Don't look behind you; keep right on. There's old Corcovado at last!" "Where? where?" said I. "Why, up there among the clouds; don't you see?" "Oh, yes; that sharp rock above us. Well, how in the name of sense are we to get there?" "Why, climb up, to be sure!" "Climb? After climbing for three whole hours, and running the risk of losing my passage to California by taking a flying trip down these infernal precipices, you say climb?" "Don't grumble, Juff, there's a glorious treat in store for you. Keep on, my lad." I must confess this way of getting into the clouds was rather exciting, but up and at it again I went, the sweat blinding my eyes and my clothes dripping wet. The bare gray rock reared its weather-worn front high above us. We struggled on, rolling down the loose stones into the resounding valleys, and slipping back about one step in three. Another tug, a slide or two back, a short respite, a few tugs more, and we stood on the far-famed peak of Corcovado!

"There, now, what do you think of that?" cried Wing, in a triumphant voice. "Think of it," said I, puzzled to tell what I thought: "I don't think at all. I feel like the ash-man who used to sweat terribly; you know the story. The boys pulled the tail out of his cart and let all his ashes out on the hill-side to hear him swear. When he discovered what they had done, he turned and looked down, doubled up his fist, grinned horribly a ghastly smile, and said, 'It's no use; I can't do justice to the subject.' So it is with me, Wing. I can't do justice to the subject." Wing laughed heartily, but reproved me for mingling the ridiculous with the sublime.

Clouds floated in fleecy sheets of vapor around us, and bare crags showed their peaks down hundreds of feet below. The Sugar Loaf seemed now a mere insignificant pile of rocks. In every direction were bays and inlets, dotted with green isles and fringed with beaches of white sand, mountain-sides speckled with villas, and trees with blue and yellow blossoms; while up the bay of Rio lay an almost boundless panorama of undulating valleys, covered with patches of woodland, gardens, and suburban villages, with here and there a chapel or ruin of some old monastery. Down near the foot of the mountain lay the city of Rio, the beautiful San Sebastian—so called in honor of the patron saint—with its castellated towers and white cathedrals, its fairy-like bays and shores, its magnificent harbor and forests of shipping. Away beyond, dim in the blue distance, is the rugged range of mountains, the Sierra Organa, upon which stands the romantic city of Petropolis, the summer resort of the Emperor and the Royal family. Around, in different directions, within one sweep of the eye, are the mountains of Garvia, St. Christoval, Tejuca, Petambuco, St. Catharine's, Santa Martha, and Padre Bonita, and the beautiful villages of Boto-Fogo, Praya Grande, and St. Christoval.

Across a deep chasm on the summit of the peak is a wooden bridge that shakes with every gust of wind. The railing was partially gone, and the planks were so decayed by the weather that it seemed doubtful whether they would bear our weight. Others had recently crossed, and we could see no reason why we should not make the attempt. I must confess I felt a little ticklish when I looked down the yawning gap and thought how nicely a person could be dashed to pieces should one of the old planks give way. On the opposite side, which we gained without difficulty, we found a pleasant little patch of grass, upon which we sat down to enjoy the view. Here, reclining at our ease in the bracing mountain air, we looked down over the precipice, where hundreds of feet below lay the shady walks and flowery dells of the Botanical Gardens. But, you know, the flow of soul must be sustained by the feast of reason. I opened my bundle and took therefrom some small loaves of bread and a paper of white sugar, which I had bought from a negro pedler on the road. Wing, likewise inspired by the cravings of the flesh, drew forth a bunch of bananas; and with this sumptuous repast we regaled ourselves on the top of the Corcovado. A very excellent and palatable repast it was too, I can assure you; not to be scorned by tourists in search of the beautiful. All we wanted was a bottle of wine, or some of the delicious ale to be found at every *venda* on the way.

The side of this wonderful mountain fronting the bay is perpendicular for several hundred feet, forming a fearful precipice. Its height is altogether 2,700 feet. I walked to the extreme edge and looked over, but it was too dangerous an experiment to indulge in long. I had no idea of following the example of a young French girl, who some years since, from disappointed love, or under the influence of some unaccountable freak of ambition, committed suicide by jumping over. I imagined how she might have retained her consciousness during her fearful descent till dashed to atoms on the projecting ledges. The better to understand the course of a falling body from the point on which we stood, I got Wing to throw over some stones, while I watched them in their descent. You may form some idea of the immense depth of the precipice when I tell you that although he threw the stones as far out as he could with all his strength, they appeared to sweep out, rainbow-like, and then draw inward till entirely hidden under the brow of the peak.

Great rumbling clouds now began to gather on the tops of the surrounding mountains. The wind moaned dimly against the sharp rocks, and soon drops of rain began to warn us of an approaching shower. Our walk back in the cool of the evening was quite enchanting. By some unaccountable good fortune we missed the rain, and when we issued from the mass of tangled woods reaching down to the conduit the sky was clear and bright. The whole valley, of Lorangeas, our favorite haunt of a preceding day, was bathed in sunbeams; the gilded cupolas of the villas, rising from every habitable point, sparkled like diamonds of gold; the windows of the massive gateways of pure white glistened like sculptured structures of snow; the bridges, and piers, and mouldering arches, and the ruins of old monasteries, gave an antique garden sent up its odoriferous incense of flowers on the evening breeze.

As we wandered on, lingering to enjoy each opening view, we met an old man whose singular appearance attracted our attention. He wore a broad-brimmed sombrero, a short green jacket, a pair of wide pantaloons, and variegated slippers, with a variety of curious trappings the object of which we could not divine. His face was swarthy and withered, and altogether he looked like some venerable wizard of the mountains. On his shoulder he carried a long pole with a net on the end, and in one hand he curiously ornamented. While scrutinizing this extraordinary apparition we saw the old fellow dart off among the trees, twining his net in every direction with the energy of a young sportsman. Presently he reappeared, and drew forth from his net several brilliant butterflies and bugs which he had just captured. He was one of those butterfly-catchers who abound in Brazil, and who supply the demands of naturalists. At our request he opened his box, grinning meantime with a proud consciousness of his good things. There was his treasure, sure enough. About fifty gorgeous butterflies impaled to a piece of pasteboard with great shining pins, and innumerable beetles and bugs writhing under a similar affliction in the agonies of death. "So, you wicked old reprobate. You ought to be ashamed of yourself for murdering these beautiful butterflies." "Ah, me, no sabje Cal-fornia lingo; passe, Cal-fornia no bon," grumbled the apparition. We laughed and passed on, satisfied that there are more ways than one in Brazil of making a living.

On reaching the large plaza at the head of the rue d'Ovidor we heard a strain of delicious music, which we soon found proceeded from the Cathedral of San Francisco. The doors were crowded with women and children. Pushing our way through we soon reached the interior, which was gorgeously decorated with drapery of white, crimson, and yellow, and of massive carving, and paintings of the saints. Nothing could be more wild and

thrilling than the outburst of each song from the choir of singers. It was rich, deep, and melodious, but at the same time piercing and unearthly. Sometimes the fine band of horns, bagles, and violoncellos shook the massive arches with a deafening crash of sounds; then, high above all, burst forth the wild appealing voices of the choir, like gleams of cold light through the dark clouds of a storm. We listened quite bewildered at the novelty of this style of sacred music. A procession of priests came forth from one of the dark recesses, bearing waxen tapers; and after an imposing ceremony before the cross, during which the multitude fell upon their knees, they commenced a wild chant. This continued, relieved at intervals by bursts of delicious music from the gallery, for two or three hours, when we left the cathedral, greatly pleased with the manner in which we had spent the day.

J. R. B.

## LOBOS GUANO.

FOR THE NATIONAL INTELLIGENCER.

As this is the season of agricultural exhibitions, when there is much talk of crops, manures, and rural affairs generally, it would seem not amiss to set the matter right before the farming community as to the probable value of Lobos guano. On this subject much error prevails, for the reasons that that manure has never been tested by its agriculturist nor analyzed in this country. It has, however, been analyzed under the auspices of the Royal Agricultural Society of England, and found to be worth about half, or a little over, the price of the best Peruvian article. The analysis shows that the guano is formed more by the bones of the amphibious animals and their excreta than by the dung of sea birds. The latter, in rainless regions, contains an average of fifteen per cent. of ammonia. The Lobos guano yields but seven and a half per cent. of this exceedingly valuable alkali. The best guano contains from five to eight per cent. of salts of potash and soda; the Lobos manure but two and a half per cent. of these salts. Good guano does not contain over two per cent. of sand; the Lobos guano has eighteen per cent.; and of organic matter, aside from ammonia, but eight and a half per cent. Of the phosphates of lime and magnesia, it contains the unusual quantity of fifty-two per cent. These phosphates are worth about a dollar per one hundred pounds, or twenty dollars per ton; and this is not far from the true value of Lobos guano; while the best Peruvian guano is worth twice that sum. American farmers, unfortunately, know very little of the true value of commercial manures, nor of agricultural chemistry; and hence they are easily misled and cheated by plausible stories and mere names, like the words *Peruvian guano*. Never until they encourage the study of the food of plants and the food of animals as a part of the education of their sons, can agriculturists protect themselves from imposition in the sale and purchase of fertilizers.

In a country that has 120,000,000 acres under cultivation, it is obvious that the raw material for making crops is a subject of vast importance; but it is one that is neither taught nor studied, as it should be, at any institution in the United States. American soil was never injured so much in any one year before as it will be in the present; and for the reason that more laborers are now at work than ever before in taking the elements of crops out of the land to be sent to distant markets for consumption. The damage done to one hundred million acres this year cannot be made good by the purchase of guano or any other manure at a less cost than three dollars per acre, or an aggregate outlay of three hundred million dollars. Such an injury to the rich virgin soils of this country cannot be made good in more than twenty or twenty-five years, or our rapid increase of population, and not create a state of things like which the world has never witnessed. With your permission, Messrs. Editors, I may at another time undertake to show how much of the essential elements that form bread and meat, wool and cotton, acoube foot or yard of good soil really contains, in an available condition, provided the owner of the land extracts and sells or wastes the whole of said elements.

D. LEE.

## HOW BARNUM PURCHASED THE MUSEUM.

In an essay which P. T. BARNUM contributed to Freely's Treatise on Business, he thus alludes to the purchase of the Museum:

"In 1841 I purchased the American Museum in New York without a dollar, for I was not worth a dollar in the world. But I was never disheartened; I always felt that I could make money fast enough if I only set my mind to it. I remember meeting a friend in Broadway a few weeks before I came in possession of the Museum. 'Well,' said I, 'Mr. A., I am going to buy the American Museum.' 'Buy it?' for he knew I had no property; 'what do you intend buying it with?' 'Brass,' I replied, 'for silver and gold I have none.' 'It was even so. Every body who had any connection with theatricals, circus, or exhibition business, from Edmund Simpson, manager of the old Park Theatre, or Wm. Niblo, down to the most humble puppet-showman of the day, knew me perfectly well. Mr. Francis Olmsted, the manager of the Museum building, (now deceased), a whole-souled man as one often meets with, having consulted my references, who all concurred in telling him that I was 'a good showman, and would do as I agreed,' accepted my proposition to give security for me in the purchase of the Museum collection, he appointing me a taker at the door, and crediting me towards the purchase of the museum received after paying expenses, allowing me fifty dollars per month on which to support my family, consisting of a wife and three children. This was my own proposition, as I was determined so to live that six months I should have lost much valuable time in the purchase of my family until I had paid for the Museum; and my treasure of a wife (and such a wife is a treasure) gladly assented to the arrangement, and expressed her willingness to let the expenses down to four hundred dollars per annum if necessary.

"One day, some six months after I had purchased the Museum, my friend Mr. Olmsted happened in at my ticket-office about 12 o'clock, and found me alone, eating my dinner, which consisted of a few slices of corned beef and bread that I had brought from home in the morning. 'Is this the way you eat your dinner?' he inquired. 'I have not eaten a warm dinner since I bought the Museum, except on the Sabbath,' I replied; 'and I intend never to eat another on a week day until I get out of debt.' 'Ah, you are safe, and will pay for the Museum before the year is out,' he replied, slapping me familiarly on the shoulder. 'And he was right; for in less than a year from that period I was in full possession of the Museum as my own property—every cent paid out of the profit of the establishment. Had I been less economical and less determined, my expenses would have kept pace with my income; I should have lost much valuable time in going home every day to my dinner, and my present situation would probably have been very different from what it is.'

GUANO.—The results of an analysis of Outer Lobos Guano, recently made in London, are as follows:

Parts of Ammonia	25.40
Animal organic matter	15.40
Phosphate of Potash and Soda	25.40
Phosphate of Lime and of Magnesia	15.40
Sand	15.40
Water moisture	15.40

The great chemist, LEBIG, says that one pound of Guano imported into a country is equal in value to eight pounds of wheat, or 125 cents. It was stated a few days since that ten tons of Guano, at \$80 per ton, was worth to the farmer \$600 net profit. Liebig's calculation would make it worth a much larger sum; and, instead of furnishing a family of ten with bread six years, it would do so for twenty-five years.

AN AWFUL TRAGEDY.—A frightful tragedy recently occurred at Brownstown, Indiana. The details are thus given in the Madison Banner:

It seems that two brothers, named Hiram and Warren Francis, and well known as respectable and peaceable citizens, followed the occupation of clock peddling. They usually travelled different routes, but made a practice of stopping at other frequently. They agreed to meet at a public house in the vicinity of Brownstown on Friday last. One of the brothers reached the tavern about 9 o'clock, and inquired if his brother had arrived, and was informed by the landlord that he had not. After calling his supper he called for a light and asked to be shown to bed. The landlord informed him that he had no candles in the house, but if he would follow him he would take him to the house where he was to sleep. He went into a dark room and undressed himself and retired to rest. He seemed to be wet, and, having some matches about him, he struck a light. Upon examining the bed he found that it was wet with blood. Discovering a candle near by he lit it, and, looking under the bed, saw the body of his brother, with his throat cut from ear to ear, and perfectly stiff. Fearing the door immediately he proceeded to load a revolver which he had, and the landlord and another man rushed on him, when he fired two barrels of his pistol, immediately killing the landlord and one of his accomplices, after which the other man fled.

## A CURIOUS PHYSIOLOGICAL EXPERIMENT.

CHARLESTON, AUGUST 26, 1852.

GENTLEMEN: I find the enclosed article in the New Orleans "Delta." It describes an experiment of such intelligent and philosophical readers of your Journal. Whoever the writer may be, he has certainly proved his claim to whatever honors the French Academy may see fit to extend to M. ANDRAUD. The latter gentleman is wrong; and his error is clearly detected, and the true experiment shown by the real discoverer, the clerical correspondent of the Delta.

The best manner of detecting the globules is with a lens; though the perforated hole shows an interesting spectacle. The iris of the eye is also superbly magnified and rendered beautifully visible with two lenses, a small and a large one, placed five feet apart; the larger one directed to the moon or a lamp, and looking at it with the smaller (inch focus) placed close to the eye. Indeed, the experiments may be varied so as to produce the finest effects, at once novel and beautiful. Next to a telescopic view of the heavens, I know nothing so simple as so interesting and at the same time so simple as this "seeing the interior of the eye" with the eye itself. The Rector of St. John's paragon has conferred a philosophical treat upon experimenters in physical science by his discovery. Trusting that my friend, the editor of Le Courier des Etats Unis, will notice the article which I have sent you, by giving the extract an insertion. I remain gentlemen, yours respectfully, BRAUFORE.

FROM THE NEW ORLEANS DELTA.

The following interesting communication from a distinguished literary gentleman and excellent clergyman of the Episcopal Church cannot fail to arrest the attention of the curious in optics. We have ourselves verified the experiments herein recorded, and noticed one fact which our correspondent does not allude to, viz. the image of a friend, who was standing near us and at a certain angle with our retina, projected from that nervous expansion, as it were, into the planet-like disc, where it resembled the face in the sun, as we see it printed in childish books! The communication may be headed, "The Art of Seeing the Interior of the Eye with the organ itself!"

To the Editors of the Sunday Delta.

GENTLEMEN: I have recently read in some of the journals a statement to the effect that a late discovery, said to have been made by M. ANDRAUD, an eminent French engineer. The paragraph to which I allude reads as follows: "